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DIGITAL
EDITION

SEAN
LEWIS

JAVIER
FERNANDEZ

KING SPAWN®



image

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EDITION

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JAVIER
FERNANDEZ



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+fco

KING SPAWN®

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PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN

The battle with a resurrected Kincaid comes to a brutal and gruesome end. But... Spawn is visited by the Oracle and told that his fight is far from over. If he can't stem the tide of EVIL flooding the world, someone might just erase it all and start over!

BOTSWANA.
MANY YEARS AGO.

THIS IS AL
SIMMONS.
BEFORE HE
BECAME
SPAWN.

HAVE YOU
FOUND THE
TARGET?

IN
PURSUIT.

HIS MISSION WAS
TO FIND THE HEAD
OF AN ARMY USING
CHILDREN AS
SOLDIERS. THEN
EXECUTE HIM.

WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING
FOR--

HAVE TO
GO RADIO
SILENT.

THOSE
AREN'T YOUR
ORDERS,
SOLDIER--

A PRETTY CUT
AND DRY MISSION.



HE KNOWS THAT'S HOW
CIVILIANS LIKE TO LOOK AT
THE WORLD. THAT THINGS
LIKE WAR ARE SIMPLY
GOOD VERSUS EVIL.

BUT AL SIMMONS IS A
SOLDIER, HE'S BEEN IN
THE MIDDLE OF DOZENS
OF MESSY ASSIGNMENTS.

TO HIM NOTHING IS CUT
AND DRY. IT'S ALWAYS
COMPLICATED. ALWAYS
ENDING WITH MORE DEAD
BODIES THAN PLANNED.

AND THOSE MISSIONS
NOW SEEM TO BE BASED
ON REASONS THAT HAVE
BECOME MORE AND
MORE IRRATIONAL.

BUT AS LONG AS CERTAIN
GOVERNMENT BODIES
CAN KEEP GAS PRICES
CHEAP. OR LAND TITLES
IN THE PROPER HANDS.

OR, HERE IN BOTSWANA--
THAT DIAMONDS REMAIN
READILY AVAILABLE.

THE SPECIFIC WARLORD IN THIS TERRITORY THINKS HE CAN TRADE THOSE JEWELS FOR POLITICAL POWER.



WHY AM I SAVING AN IDIOT?



AT HIS DESTINATION SIMMONS FINDS AN OPEN DOOR AND NO GUARDS.

HE UNDERSTANDS IT'S A TRAP. BUT HE'S BEEN THROUGH THIS KIND OF SHIT BEFORE.



WE HAD A DEAL, REMEMBER? YOU SAID YOU'D GET RID OF THE BOTSWANA DEFENCE FORCE IN THE AREA.



WHERE ARE YOU, NOW?





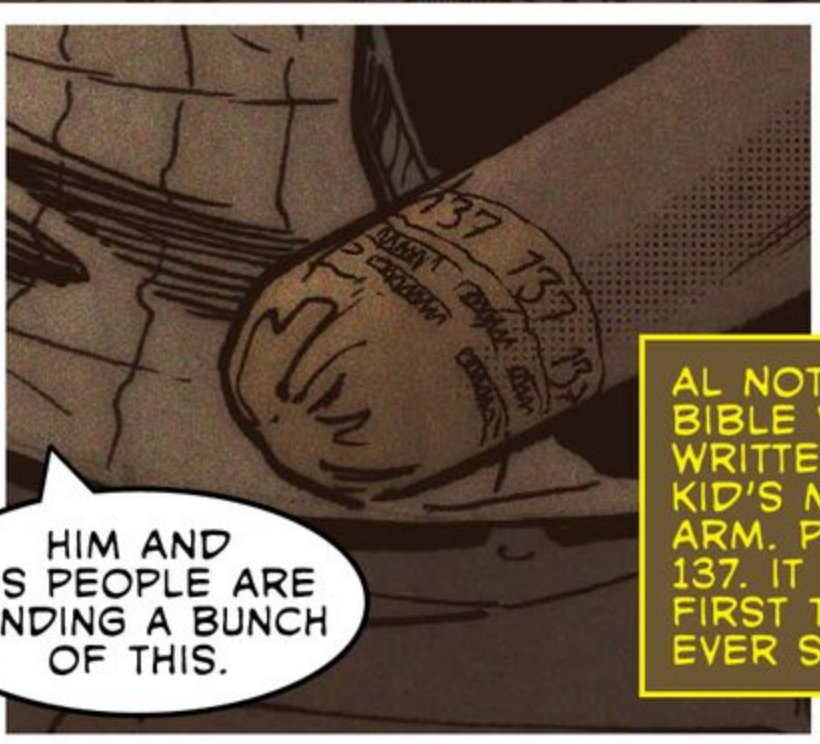
TURN
AROUND--AND
GET YOUR HANDS UP!
WHO WERE YOU
MESSAGING?

I
DON'T...

DON'T
F*CK WITH
ME!

WYNN.
THE GUY'S
NAME IS
WYNN.

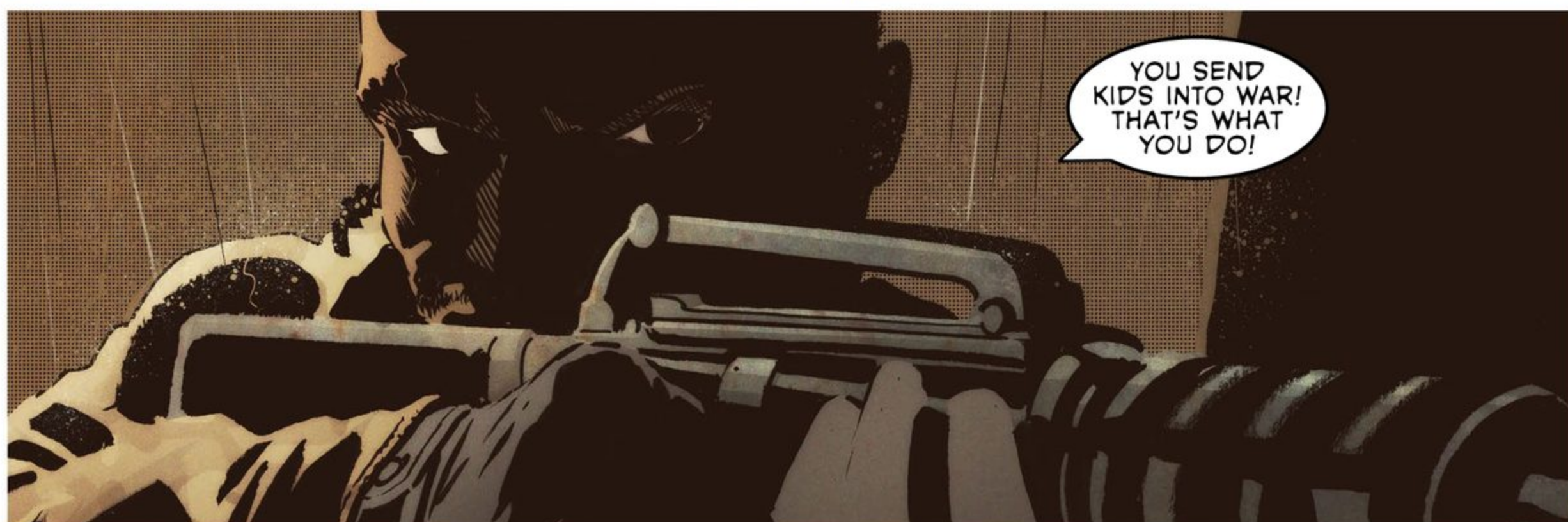
GENERAL WYNN
IS SIMMONS'
COMMANDING
OFFICER.



HIM AND
HIS PEOPLE ARE
FUNDING A BUNCH
OF THIS.



AL NOTICED THE
BIBLE VERSE
WRITTEN ON THE
KID'S MUTILATED
ARM. PSALMS
137. IT WAS THE
FIRST TIME HE
EVER SAW IT.



HE'S BEEN SENT ON TOO MANY MISSIONS, IN TOO SHORT A TIME, AND WITH EACH ASSIGNMENT SIMMONS' MENTAL HEALTH IS STRESSED FURTHER.

THEY USE EVERYONE THIS WAY.

SO A MAN LIKE AL, CAN ONLY TAKE BEING BLINDLY LOYAL FOR SO LONG.

GODDAMN HELL HOLE.

WANDA. I'LL BE HOME SOON, BABY. BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF SOMEONE.

UNFORTUNATELY, HIS BOSSES HAVE BEEN WATCHING HIM FOR QUITE SOME TIME.



THIS MOMENT--
THIS IS THE EXACT
SECOND AL SIMMONS
BECAME SPAWN.

THOUGH HE HAS NO
MEMORY OF WHO
SHOT HIM. OR WHY.



PRIEST,
YOU
THERE?



I'M HERE.
THE TARGET
HAS BEEN
ELIMINATED.

AND THE
EVIDENCE?



CURRENTLY
BEING
DISPOSED
OF.



"FIRE. MY MIND KEEPS FLASHING BACK TO THAT FIRE. WHY? MY SOUL HAD ALREADY MADE ITS PACT TO GET BACK TO WANDA. I DIDN'T NEED THAT BODY ANYMORE."

"AND NOW, THE SIGIL HAS BEEN WHISPERING WANDA'S NAME."

"BUT IT'S BEING MIXED TOGETHER WITH OTHER NAMES. JESSICA. DISRUPTOR. GOD. ALL THEIR NAMES ARE CLAWING THE INSIDE OF MY HEAD. WHY?! WHAT DOES THE SIGIL NEED FROM ME?"

"THE WORDS AND IMAGES ARE DETACHED FROM EACH OTHER."

"IT WANTS ME AND TERRY IN NY AND BOTSWANA...AT THE SAME TIME!"

"IT'S SCREAMING THAT IT WANTS ME IN MY PAST--AND THE PRESENT."

"THIS PSALMS 137, IT'S ALL--IT'S TRYING TO BURY MY MIND, DIGGING UP GHOSTS THAT NEED TO STAY DEAD!"

"IT'S OBSESSED, TRYING TO UNLOCK THE DAYS WHEN I FIRST BECAME SPAWN? WHY, GOD DAMN IT."



"SAME TERRAIN AS ALL THOSE YEARS AGO. SAME HOUSE, FIVE CLICKS SOUTH OF OUR TENT."



"LAST TIME, I DIDN'T WANT TO BE NOTICED."



"THIS TIME THERE'S NO NEED FOR IT."



"I WAS THE TARGET THEN. AND I'M STILL THE TARGET NOW."



ONLY DIFFERENCE, IS THIS TIME I KNOW IT.



THE KING RETURNED

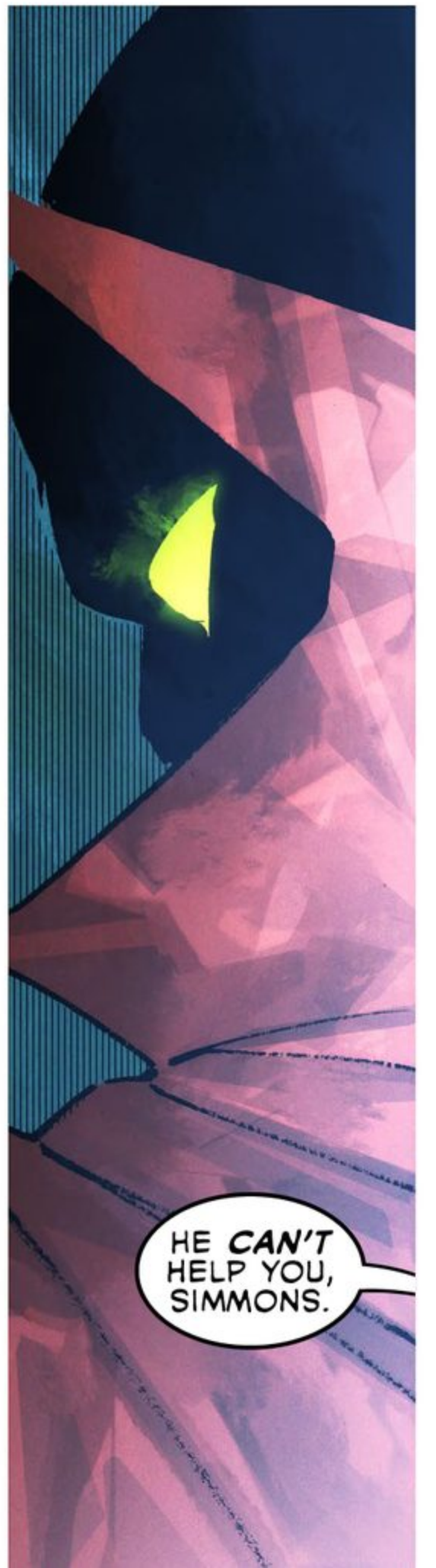


TERRY, THE STRUCTURE IS EMPTY, WHAT'S THE PERIMETER LOOK LIKE?



TERRY? DO YOU READ?

HE CAN'T HELP YOU, SIMMONS.





AND I
KNEW YOU'D RETURN,
BACK WHERE IT ALL BEGAN
UNRAVELING FOR YOU! THOSE
I WORK FOR DIDN'T THINK YOU'D
COME BACK. BUT I KNEW YOU WOULD,
THAT YOU COULDN'T RESIST BECAUSE
THE **SOLDIER** IN YOU WOULDN'T
ALLOW YOURSELF TO DO
OTHERWISE. ISN'T THAT
RIGHT, AL?

THE SIGIL GAVE
YOU **AN ORDER** AND
YOUR TRAINING FORCES
YOU DO WHAT YOU
WERE TOLD!

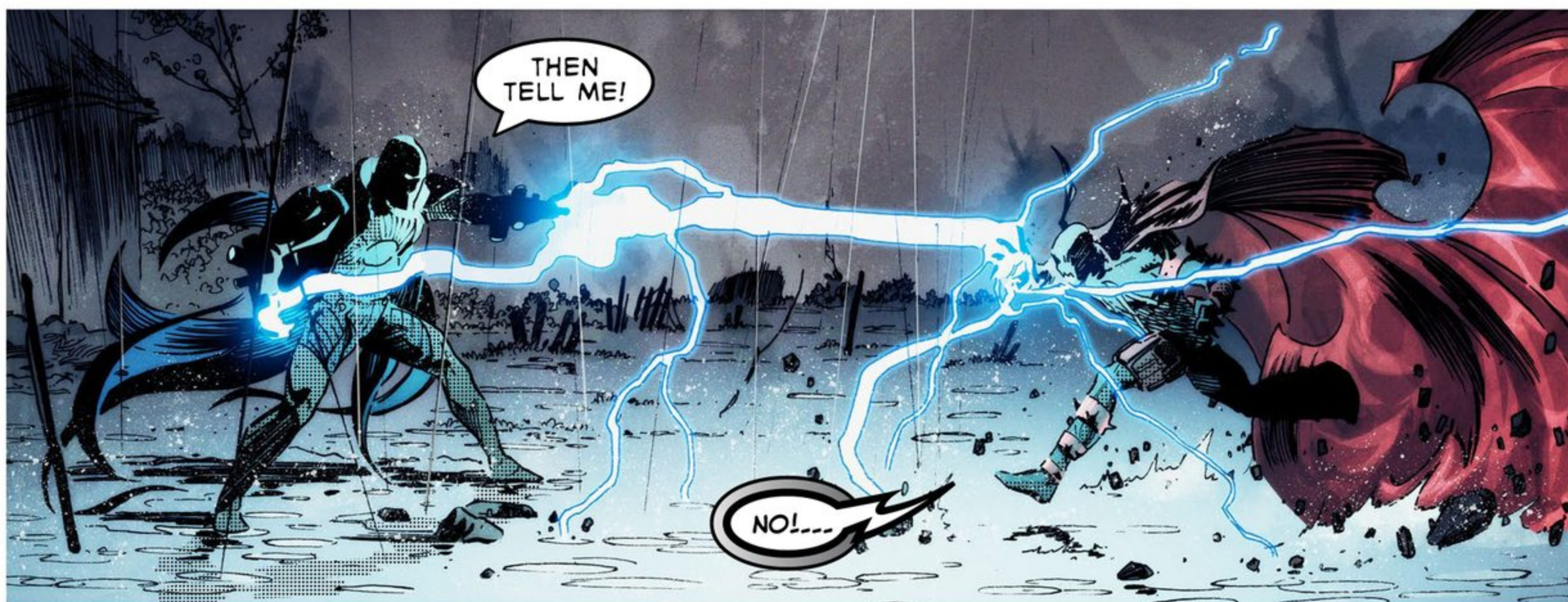
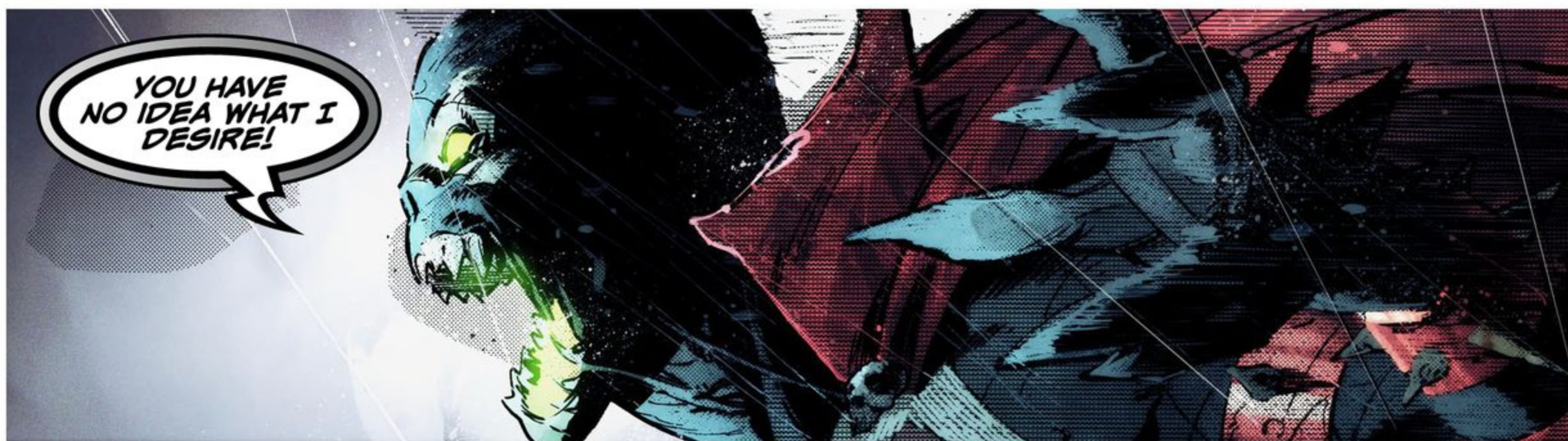


COME
NOW, YOU'RE
NOT *THAT* STUPID! THE
SIGIL, IT'S THE SIGIL
CONTROLLING
ALL THIS!

BUT I SEE,
YOU'RE WONDERING
WHO CONTROLS
THE SIGIL?

IF YOU WANT
THAT ANSWER, THEN *OPEN*
THE 'DEAD ZONES' AND WATCH
WHO WALKS THROUGH IT! THEN YOU'LL
KNOW WHO THINKS THEY'RE WORTHY OF
SITTING UPON HELL'S EMPTY THRONE.
OR... PERHAPS YOU MAY WANT THAT
SEAT FOR YOURSELF? IS THAT
IT, IS THAT WHAT YOU
DESIRE?





A comic book panel depicting a dramatic scene. On the left, a figure in a dark, armored suit with glowing blue energy coursing through it stands with a determined expression. On the right, a large, muscular, purple-skinned figure is bound by heavy metal chains. This figure has a skull-shaped collar and a menacing, toothy mouth. In the background, a city street scene is visible through a window, showing a yellow taxi and other vehicles. The overall tone is dark and intense.

I GIVE THE
ORDERS HERE,
NOT YOU!

YOU
HEAR THAT
SOLDIER...

**NOT
YOU!!**

DESPITE THIS
SONOFABITCH
CALLING YOUR NAME
LIKE HE KNOWS YOU.

CRASHH

GET UP,
YOU COWARD.
I TAUGHT YOU
BETTER THAN
THAT.

"SOMETHING DOESN'T
FIT, WHAT'S HE MEAN,
"HE TAUGHT ME?"

"COGLIOSTOR'S
THE ONLY ONE
THAT EVER TRIED
HONING MY SPAWN
POWERS."



YOU NEVER
TAUGHT ME, ANYTHING!
IF YOU DID, YOU'D HAVE BEEN
SMART ENOUGH TO HAVE
STAYED AWAY.



BECAUSE
ANYONE WILLING TO
KILL CHILDREN JUST
TO GET MY ATTENTION,
KNOWS I WON'T REST
UNTIL YOU'RE ALL
DEAD!



BUT NOT
UNTIL I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE!



WAK!



TAKE A
GOOD HARD LOOK
THEN--AND, NO, YOUR
EYES AREN'T SEEING
THINGS.

IT'S ME!

AND I'M
MORE ALIVE
THAN YOU!

JASON WYNN.
THE MAN WHO
STARTED IT ALL.

THEN.

AND NOW.

MAY GOD HELP
EVERYONE'S
SOUL.



PRESENTS:
THE BREAKDOWN

I'LL BE SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVING US, **BILLY.**

EVERYONE HERE AT THE INSTITUTE HAS SO ENJOYED YOUR COMPANY. BUT WE ALL KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME. WE JUST DIDN'T KNOW THAT IT'D BE SO **SOON.** YOU MUST BE PLEASED WITH YOUR LAWYER'S EFFORTS. HE SOUNDED QUITE PLEASED THAT THE COURT UPHOLD HIS PETITION OF APPEAL, CITING SOME OBSCURE CASE FROM THE 1930'S. THOUGH I DON'T PRETEND TO KNOW THAT MUCH ABOUT THE LAW, WE CAN BOTH FEEL VINDICATED. THE SYSTEM DOES INDEED WORK.

IT SADDENS ME TO HAVE TO SAY THAT THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST DAY WITH US. HOWEVER, WITH THE JUDGE'S REDUCTION OF YOUR TERM ON THAT **TECHNICALITY,** AND DR. REYNOLDS' TESTIMONY STATING YOUR COMPETENCE, THERE'S NO MORE TO BE SAID. THE SIX AND A HALF YEARS YOU SPENT HERE AT THE INSTITUTE WENT BY FAR TOO QUICKLY.

UNFORTUNATELY, I MUST **WARN** YOU, BILLY. THERE ARE FORCES OUTSIDE THAT DON'T WISH YOU ANY KIND OF HAPPINESS. THEY MIGHT EVEN TRY AND BRING BACK SOME OF YOUR BAD DREAMS. YOU WON'T ALLOW THAT, WILL YOU? WE **BOTH** KNOW THAT YOU'RE **NOT** THE SAME PERSON YOU **USED** TO BE.

TOMORROW, YOU BEGIN A **NEW LIFE.** AN OFFICER WILL PICK YOU UP AND TAKE YOU TO THE COURT HOUSE, TO SIGN THE FINAL PAPERS.

YOU ARE CURED, **BILLY KINCAID.**

OTHERS MAY NOT WANT TO BELIEVE THAT, BUT THE STAFF AND I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IMPRESSED WITH YOUR **MODEL BEHAVIOR.** ALWAYS THE **GENTLEMAN.**

YES, YOUR TIME HERE HAS BEEN **SO** REWARDING.

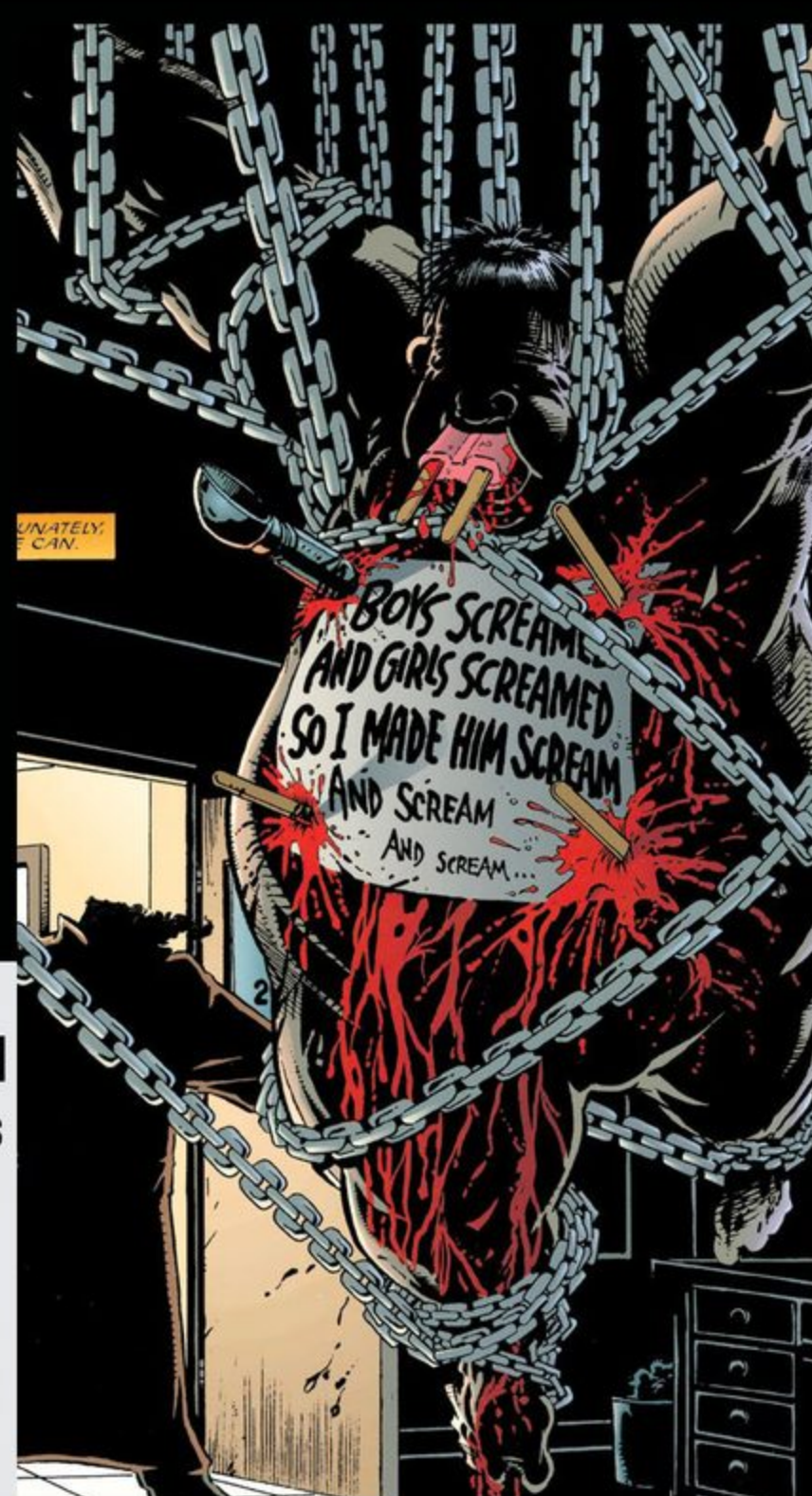
SO UNEVENTFUL.

SO THERAPUTIC.

SO CONFINING.

DR. DR. PLEASE KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN.

After missing the opportunity to put Kincaid in the ground while he was still alive, Spawn decided to take matters into his own hands and seemingly ends Kincaid's murderous rampage.



Unfortunately, as far as HELL was concerned, Billy could be used as a weapon against Spawn and he was drafted into service against his will.



Billy proved to be a poor soldier and was soon forgotten in the pits of HELL. Left to languish and suffer for all eternity.



Someone however had other plans for Kincaid. In a dark corner of HELL, a bargain with a mysterious benefactor was struck. New powers were gained and the monster was set free.



KINCAID was reborn with a new purpose! To help usher in the reign of **KING SPAWN**. Hail to the **KING**!



Do you have a question or comment about King Spawn? If so, e-mail it to us at:
spawningground@mcfarlane.com

THE
SCORCHED

#1



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KING SPAWN®

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